



UNDER THE IMMEDIATE PATRONAGE OF

HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY,

AND HER R. H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

THE MUSICAL WORLD,

A WEEKLY RECORD OF

Musical Science, Literature, and Intelligence.

To know the cause why music was ordained
Was it not to refresh the mind of man,
After his studies or his usual pain?
Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And, while I pause, serve in your harmony.
TAMING OF THE SHREW.

AUG. 16, 1838. No. CXXVII.—NEW SERIES, No. XXXIII. PRICE 3d.

IN one of our former numbers we adverted to the lamentable state of the library of the BRITISH MUSEUM in reference to musical works, and the slight means that collection afforded to the student, in tracing the progress of the art, either in this or other countries. We find this subject has been taken up by Mr. E. TAYLOR, the Gresham Professor of Music, who proposes to form, by the aid of a general subscription, a Metropolitan Library of Music, the particulars of which are explained by that gentleman in another part of this number. We cordially concur in the object which Mr. TAYLOR seeks to attain; but we still think that the Metropolitan Library should be at the BRITISH MUSEUM. This Institution already possesses many valuable works in the science; which are, nevertheless, in such a state of confusion, that their existence is almost unknown, and, for want of classification, access to them is almost impossible. There is, however, in this national receptacle of literature and the fine arts the germ of a Musical Library; and Government might easily and effectually forward the plan in contemplation by appointing a librarian in the musical department, and causing such purchases, and selections from foreign sources, to be made, as would render the collection at once an ornament to the metropolis, and an invaluable source of reference to the members of the profession. In the repositories of the BRITISH MUSEUM might also ultimately rest the splendid libraries which some few of our professors and amateurs are known to possess. Within these ten years we have witnessed the dispersion of the libraries collected by the zeal and energy of Messrs. CLEMENTI, JACOB, CHARLES WESLEY, GWILT, DANNELEY, GREATOREX, HEATHER, Rev. GEORGE KING, and Messrs. CALKIN AND BUDD, libraries which collectively embraced some of the rarest gems of English and foreign print. Of what sacrifices have we been witnesses, through the ignorance of auctioneers, and the apparently still greater ignorance and apathy evinced by the majority of our professors? At the

VOL. IX.—NEW SERIES, VOL. II.

R

sale of M. CLEMENTI's library, the most rare manuscripts were knocked down, each lot at the paltry sum of a few shillings. One lot, which sold for five shillings, contained a large bundle of the fugues of Sebastian Bach, the majority in the composer's handwriting, with his emendations! The appointment of an officer at the BRITISH MUSEUM, who should devote his attention to the acquisition of a Musical Library, would prevent the repetition of such a sacrifice of property, and probably induce our wealthy amateurs to bequeath, or present, many rare and invaluable specimens of the learning of past ages.

MUSIC IN ENGLAND.

Music, as a trade, is here more successfully cultivated by the low-minded, ignorant, and selfish, than by such as have laboured to exalt the character of their art. By a trade, we mean a mere sordid, miserable, jobbing, mercenary traffic—a calling in which every dirty and dishonest practice is rife, and which is no more akin to what is noble, elevated, and refined in art, than that of a paint-grinder to the occupation of a Michael Angelo. The most recent illustration of these remarks will be found in the musical (dis) arrangements at the Coronation. These music-mongers, by elbowing, intriguing, and thrusting themselves into situations of temporary prominence, are, unfortunately, regarded as musicians,—which character they are entitled to in the same sense and degree that the bellman who cries his Christmas verses, may claim that of a poet.

It is to such causes owing, that music, in this country, ceasing to take its due and proper station among the arts, has been associated with ignorance, servility, and vulgarity; and its claims, as a natural consequence, been disregarded. Columns upon columns are occupied in our newspapers with discussions on "The Wellington Statue;" noble lords, reverend bishops, M.P.'s, and Quarterly Reviewers, discuss in successive letters the merits of Wyatt and Chantrey; but the Queen's composer is suffered to turn his place into a sinecure, and to proclaim to the world his inability to discharge the first, and the most grateful duty of his office—the composition of a coronation anthem, without a word of censure or question. A coronation anthem is as much a monument of art erected to the honour of an individual as a statue or a column; and in either case, it is a gross violation of public duty and a defilement of the national honour to commit its execution into incompetent hands. Purcell's coronation anthem for James II. is a national trophy; so is Handel's for George II.—trophies that will live as long as the Wellington Statue. The Wyatt partisans and the Chantrey partisans only differ about which is the better statuary; but it has never entered into the heads of any party to patronize an individual who has not chiselled even a tombstone—much less to give him the proceeds of the subscription, with the certainty that they are to have no statue at all. Yet thus is music treated—thus is the art debased—thus are the nation and the Queen insulted.—*Spectator*.

THE FRANKFORT FESTIVAL.

[The following interesting communication has been sent us by Mr. JOHN THOMSON, the composer of the clever opera of *Hermann*, and formerly a pupil of M. SCHNYDER VON WARTENSEE.]

Frankfort A-M, August 4, 1838.

MY DEAR SIR,—A variety of agreeable interruptions in the shape of old friends has hitherto effectually prevented me from sending you an account of the Musical Festival which took place here in the beginning of the week. As the excitement wears off I feel less able, though certainly not less disposed, to render my description of it as interesting as I could desire; you will therefore be kind enough to take the will for the deed, and deal with my prolixity according to your good pleasure.

The Frankfort "Liederkrantz," or Song Club, was established in 1828, by a

number of young men, for the weekly performance of four-part songs, which are somewhat similar to our glees, but generally shorter and of a more choral character. After many years of assiduous practice in private, the society at length ventured before the public in aid of the subscriptions for monuments to Schiller, Goëthe, and Mozart, as well as for charitable purposes. From their uniform success in these instances, the society conceived the idea of establishing a fund for the education of the poor sons of musical genius in their native country. They framed a variety of statutes in reference to this fund, which they named "*Der Mozart-Stiftung*." When the capital yields the annual interest of 400 florins (50*l.*), pupils will be placed under efficient masters. And should it eventually produce an income of 2000 florins (350*l.*), a Conservatoire will be founded, first for instruction in the theory, and then, according to the means, the practice of music. But as the society could scarcely anticipate success in a scheme of such magnitude without some adequate attraction, they resolved to give an annual festival on a magnificent scale, at which all the choral societies in the neighbouring towns should be invited to assist. These bodies heartily responded to the call, and the musical public of Frankfurt warmly seconded the efforts of the society: but I must add that the wealthier class (with two or three honourable exceptions), either kept entirely aloof, or, when applied to, declined all participation in the matter. The well-known M. Schnyder von Wartensee was president of the festival committee, and M. Guhr the musical conductor. A novel and peculiar feature in the vocal and instrumental arrangement was the total omission of the soprano and alto voices, and of the violin tribe, with the exception of the double bass. This was an idea of Schnyder, whose knowledge of acoustics is pre-eminent; and so entirely was the spirit of it carried out, that Spohr, when applied to for a cantata, was required to write his score for a chorus of two tenors and two basses, and for an orchestra of clarionets, bassoons, and the usual complement of brass instruments. Schnyder, of course, developed his theory very fully in his oratorio.

The manner in which the festival committee received the various choral societies really gladdened my heart. Those from Darmstadt, Offenbach, and other inland places, were met at the gates and walked in procession to the committee-room, headed by the committee with banners of various devices, and a fine band. Those, again, from the different places near Mayence assembled there and embarked in large boats beautifully decorated with oak leaves and streamers, the boatmen being dressed in white with red sashes, and straw hats decked with gay coloured ribbons. As they approached the landing-place, cheers from the assembled multitudes who crowded the river in boats, or lined its banks, waving of flags and discharges of cannon, gave forth a joyous welcome; and then they walked in procession to the committee-room, as before described. But this was not all. Each member of the committee of the *Liederkrantz*, and of their friends, selected from among these strangers one, either an acquaintance or not, to be his guest during the festival; the remainder being provided with apartments in various hotels, so that no expense whatever should be incurred by them. The Opera was thrown open to them, and, in short, every possible attention was paid to render their visit gratifying. Such customs are not known on similar occasions in England.

The grand rehearsal took place on Saturday, at four o'clock, in St. Catherine's church, which is not particularly well adapted for so large a body of musicians: but there is another in the town capable of holding so vast a choir, and at the same time as numerous an audience as was likely to seek admittance. The upper gallery, occupying two sides of the building (exclusive of the organ loft), was filled with the performers. The number of vocalists was not less than seven hundred; and the orchestra comprised eighteen clarionets, ten bassoons, ten double basses, two trumpets, four horns, three trombones, one ophicleide, and two drums, making the immense band seven hundred and fifty. The effect of this combined force was stupendous, and truly sublime.

First Day, July 29. The Oratorio.

Spohr's composition was an anthem written to Klopstock's celebrated paraphrase of *The Lord's Prayer*. It consists of solos, a duet, and double choruses. I wish I could conscientiously report that there is a single original idea from beginning to end of it; but, alas! the phrases, harmonies, progressions, modulations, already

known in his published works, came upon the ear with all the familiarity of old friends, but with somewhat of the prosiness of age. *Zemire and Azor*, *Jessonda*, and above all, *Pietro von Abano*, passed before my mind's eye in very vivid remembrance. One would have thought that the novel construction of the score would have brought out some new effects, if not fresh ideas; but, perhaps with the exception of some charming conversation among the clarinets in the duet, I heard nothing apart from the usual mannerism. As to the expression of the words, I have also an objection. The different petitions which at once suggest a marked distinct treatment, are made, as it were, to interrupt the solos by way of parenthesis, with the exception of the first, "Our Father which art in Heaven," and the *Doxology*, both of which are truly beautiful and effective. There is not a fugue in the whole cantata, the last chorus consisting merely of imitations in Spohr's usual manner. The best part after this is the duet for tenor and bass, which leads to the petition, "Give us this day our daily bread." Naumann, of Dresden, also composed a cantata to the same words: but it is in all respects superior to the one under consideration. His design was to increase in fervour with each petition, and he expresses this by rising a degree as each came to be introduced, and then concluding with the *Doxology* in the major of the original key of C.

A *chorale* followed by a *motet*, both by the late Bernard Kleis, were the next vocal pieces. This author, who died at Berlin about eight years since, at the age of forty, left in MS. many sacred compositions of great merit. He was evidently a genuine artist, being possessed of originality of phrase, and great knowledge of choral effects. The *motet* is masterly; and I would particularly mention a semi-chorus, a quartet abounding in graceful melody, and the concluding fugue, which is sustained with great vigour upon a broad well marked subject.

The last performance was an oratorio called *Zeit und Ewigkeit* (Time and Eternity), the words selected from three of Klopstock's spiritual songs, and the music composed by X. Schnyder von Wartensee, the president of the committee. This work being the grand feature of the festival, demands a more elaborate notice than I have felt necessary in regard to the other pieces.

The score consists of first and second clarinets, bassoons, trumpets, horns, three trombones, ophicleide, double bass, and drums, with two tenor and two bass parts for the chorus. Of course the wind instruments were sufficiently multiplied to maintain their ground against the enormous vocal strength.

No. 1. is a semi-chorus in C minor, describing the Eternal Jehovah before the birth of Time. "God creates" and the full chorus (No. 2) bursts forth in accents of praise and adoration. This is a piece of great splendour and majesty. At the words "Jehovah, our God," the first bass commences a fugue in the major, the novel feature in which is, that, instead of allowing the single part to announce the fugue, the other voices repeat at certain intervals the acclaims with which the full chorus began, thus giving to the fugue great strength and grandeur from the first; and when all the voices are engaged with it, the brass instruments continue the same phrases. The whole theme is then taken up in A minor by the second tenor, which is answered after the second bar in D minor by the first tenor; the second bass repeats it in F, and is answered after the first bar in C by the first bass, when a series of fine sequences lead to a pedal-point, and the whole concludes with a stately *doxology* in simple counterpoint, with a florid accompaniment of the clarinets, the brilliant effect of which I have never heard surpassed.

No. 3. is a quartet descriptive of the different features of nature. The movement is in G⁶⁻⁸ time of calm, pastoral beauty: the sun expands his rays, and the accompaniment assumes a rich tone of colouring in the charming converse between the clarinet and bassoon: a long pause in A, and the soft light of the moon steals forth over hill and valley—the plaintive notes of the horns forming the only accompaniment to the long drawn out notes of the voices in unison, which are at length resolved into rich harmony. The stars are out—and the bassoon and clarinet again take up their phrase, but each now more closely interwoven with the other, and by smooth and beautiful modulation lead back to the theme, which is breathed forth by the chorus, and enhanced by all the previous beauties of the accompaniment woven together. The effect of this quartet was delicious.

No. 4. A duet for tenor and bass in B flat major 2-4 time, continuing the descrip-

tion of Nature, abounds in a charming variety of suspensions for the two voices, with a fine moving bass, and is succeeded by an abridgement of the quartet previously heard.

No. 5. *The Curse*.—Sin and Death! Here the composer displays the grandeur of his conception and the resources of his art. A bass solo describes the Curse—the chorus (a canon in the fifth for tenor and bass), in long, despairing notes, express the horror of the doom denounced. Nature reels—earthquakes, thunders, lightnings, storms, the deluge, the sword, the pestilence, and death, are foretold in terrible accents (crashing 7ths alternating with 6-4-3), while the yells of despair again rise upon the ear with an effect quite appalling. The latter part of this magnificent chorus is very finely imagined and wrought out—the canon is now in four parts, producing a series of suspensions wonderfully expressive of the anguish and the agony of fallen man. The performance of this chorus was prodigiously great—it made one quail and turn cold.

No. 6. A quartet in A flat 3-4 time, rich in harmony of tranquil beauty, with a mere breath of accompaniment for clarinets and bassoons, marvels what would have been the eternal doom of man but for the interposition of God in offering Redemption.

No. 7. is a recitative, describing the nature of the Redemption, and holding forth the promise of eternal life.

No. 8. *The Resurrection*. Here the composer again puts forth his strength. After a burst of heartfelt gratitude, a fugue of great power and masterly contrivance succeeds; and a coda, with which it concludes, is particularly grand and imposing. This is likely to be very popular.

No. 9. is a quartet in G major, descriptive of the supposed bewilderment of the human race rising from their grave. After this, the first voice, as if in exultation at sight of the glories of the day, expresses itself in a florid part throughout, while the other voices keep up a muttering uncertain accompaniment, "Am I dreaming," the only orchestral part being a single note at the beginning of each bar from the double bass *pizzicato*.

No. 10. The concluding chorus—an ascription of Praise. It commences with great dignity and grandeur, and then breaks forth into a strict double fugue upon very broad marked subjects, which are wrought up to a climax of great magnificence, and finishes with a coda of astonishing brilliancy.

It will be evident from the terms employed in analysing this oratorio, that I have conceived a high opinion of its merits: indeed it is worthy of a place in the first rank of sacred composition. It is an emanation of the Bach school, with at the same time an originality of treatment, and a mastery of effect, which bear the impress of a superior mind. Being now in the course of publication, it will I trust ere long find its way to Exeter Hall, where a male chorus of sufficient strength can be easily procured. Let me hope too that the spirited directors of the Birmingham and Norwich festivals will turn their thoughts towards it; and do not let them be scared with the trouble of translating and adapting the words: for no one is more able to do both than the accomplished author of the oratorio. Only let the work have a fair trial, and I have no fears for its complete success.

The chorus guided by Mr. Kapellmeister Guhr, who, as a conductor, stands alone, sang magnificently, but I cannot say much for the solo singing. Indeed, throughout Germany, strange to say, it is, in sacred music, scarcely ever excellent. In England the principal vocalists are infinitely superior, but here they sing without expression, and consequently without effect.

I should have mentioned that each of the oratorios was preceded by an organ performance; but the instrument was so harsh that I had not very much pleasure in listening, even although the sturdy music of Sebastian Bach was rolling through the temple. The organist of the church, Mr. Kellner, played Bach's grand prelude and fugue, with obligato pedal in C minor. Mr. Petschke, the organist of St. Paul's, performed that in C major. But the best performance to my mind, was that by Dr. Schlemmer, who gave the five-part fugue in E flat major.

Second Day, July 30. The Concert at the Forest House.

The scene of this day's festivity, lies about five miles out of Frankfurt, in the grounds belonging to Mr. Bethmann, the banker. The drive is interesting from

the moment the bridge is crossed ; on the right the city stretches along the main, with its vast array of palaces ; on the left, smiling villas and rich orchards and vineyards greet the eye, until you enter the forest and traverse its long avenue of lofty and umbrageous foliage. The scene was very animated from the number of vehicles and crowds of pedestrians, all pressing forward to the rendezvous. My party reached the Forest House at half-past two o'clock, for the purpose of securing good seats, although the performances were not to commence until four. An immense platform sloping towards the audience (who were ranged on benches under a grove of lime trees) had been erected for the vocalists, and was decorated all around with festoons of oak leaves and gay coloured flags. There we sat in expectation till four, by which time several thousands were assembled, some beguiling the hour with good humoured raillery, others regaling themselves with Rhine wine and Selzer-wasser, while not a few newly arrived, were anxiously endeavouring to find a breach in the solid rows of the first six or seven benches. Five o'clock came and passed without any appearance of the singers, who were to come by the river, though an occasional bugle gave us a false alarm ; when at length, a little before six, they were descried at a distance, marching up with banners amid the shouts of the multitude, and under the escort of the National Guard, who had voluntarily turned out to add to the gaiety as well as the order of the scene. The reason of the long delay was, that the boats, by being overloaded, had grounded in the shallow, and could not be got off until a whole legion of horses had been despatched to their release. The consequence was, that the singers were much exhausted, and their performances by no means satisfactory. I am not inclined to notice these particularly, as the selection of music was not nearly so good as it might have been. Yet there were one or two really clever effective pieces, viz.—a Robber song, by Ries ; a song of Liberty, by Marschner ; and the German Fatherland, by Speyer, (a Frankfort amateur of great genius) which excited immense enthusiasm ; the whole of the singers rising up, shouting, and waving their hats. The Hunter's chorus, from Euryanthe, was indifferently performed, and Webbe's "Mighty Conqueror," inhumanly murdered. Imagine seven hundred voices attacking a glee for four ! The whole affair lasted little more than two hours, and was really a "lame and impotent conclusion," to all the preparatory labour of procession and display. On returning to town we hastened to the last scene of this eventful history, which was at the mainlust or public garden, where covers for a grand supper were laid for one thousand two hundred ; the tables being in rows the whole breadth of the garden. I am bound to mention as an era in the history of Frankfort, that this banquet was a *cold* one ; the only instance known within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, the cook having declared his inability to serve it up in the usual manner. The president Schnyder sat in the centre of the garden, surrounded by the Festival Committee, and opposite to him was an oakleaf-tribune, from whence speeches were to be delivered. The lime trees, which overspread the whole extent of the garden, were hung with variegated lamps, so as to produce the effect of an illuminated roof like that of Vauxhall, only on a much larger scale. A band of musicians were stationed in a temple near the president, and during the repast performed the waltzes of Strauss, Lanner, and other dance-composers. Fireworks of a paltry kind played from the middle of the river (hard by) for upwards of an hour, one or two ambitious temples staring through the gloom with the name of "Mozart," emblazoned on their portals. Many toasts prefaced by the eloquence of Schnyder, Weismann, Schilling, Guhr, &c. were given ; but the grand toast of the evening was "The Memory of Mozart," which was responded to by cheers, rockets, banging of drums, braying of trumpets, discharges of cannon, and also of rain, for the envious clouds threw such a damp on our enthusiasm, that every umbrella was in requisition, while our table napkins were quickly transferred from knees to shoulders. Only fancy one thousand two hundred men under umbrellas and napkins, drinking to "The Memory of Mozart !" The fun now grew "fast and furious," the tables were deserted for the forum, where the tribune was constantly occupied, glasses chimed to toasts, Champagne corks were cracking and flying off in all directions, and anon the prolonged involuntary laugh of inebriation smote upon the ear, for they can tipple, these Germans, like ourselves ; and full many a one on his way home that night assumed the occupation of road-surveyor.

Well, they are a set of as jolly fellows as ever sat at one end of a pipe, or grasped the neck of a bottle. I heard next day that many kept it up till seven in the morning, and that nearly four hundred bottles of Champagne, besides the bottle of table wine allowed to each man, were drained.

The tickets for the rehearsal, oratorio, and concert were each 3s. for the banquet 10s. making altogether the enormous sum of 19s. They manage these things differently in England. The gross receipts of the Festival amount to about 700l. but the large expenditure will leave only a small balance in favor of the *Mozart fund*. Perhaps on the next occasion there will be less of outward display, which was all very well to begin with, but a repetition of which would be but needless extravagance.

The opera here is not so good as it was a few years ago. Stingy management has driven off all the good singers, and brought in their room several mediocre performers. The orchestra, under Guhr, is still splendid, and indeed is the only thing worth listening to.

The heir-apparent to the Russian empire, was present on Saturday evening. He is a dark delicate looking youth, with much simplicity of manner and appearance.

I am about to start for the south, you may therefore, probably hear from me at Munich or Vienna, but unless anything particularly remarkable in the way of music should occur in the course of my tour, you need not expect a letter at all.

Yours, &c.

JOHN THOMSON.

MEMOIR OF STRAUSS.

JOHANN STRAUSS, the celebrated waltz composer, was born at Venice 14th of March 1804. He was intended for a bookbinder, and was apprenticed to the business; all his spare time, however, was occupied with music, and by great attention he soon acquired a facility on the violin. At the age of nineteen he was taken by Lanner into his celebrated orchestra, where he met with great encouragement. He published his early compositions with great success, and shortly started an establishment of his own, and in some measure robbed his former master of his laurels. Strauss owes much of his reputation to the powerful connexion of his publisher, Tobias Haslinger of Vienna, who widely circulated his music. Few composers can boast of having received so numerous a collection of rings, snuff-boxes, watches, &c. in return for dedications, which are much sought after. Of his performances in this country we must refer our readers to our criticism in a former number.

CHARACTER OF RUBINI'S SINGING.

(From a Paris Correspondent.)

In England we frequently overlook the distinction between the *tenore contraltino*, and the *tenore serio*, or old style of tenor. In the former class we find such singers as Nourrit, David the younger, Duprez, and Rubini, in the latter Nozzari, Garcia, Ponzelli, and our own matchless Braham, at least, matchless about a hundred years ago. This distinction, little as it is attended to, is quite as broad as that between the *tenore serio* and the *barytone*. It is now some years since we have had any *tenore serio* of eminence on our establishment; Rubini has been obliged to do the duty, and what wonder if he alters, and often spoils music, in which, to suit his voice, six notes must be changed, where half a dozen can be kept. The music of Otello, for instance, written for a *tenore serio*, Nozzari, is so much too low for Rubini as it is too high for Tamburini. The same may be said of Tancredi, Norma, and half a hundred other operas, in which Rubini is constantly singing. Again, very many of the operas written from twelve to twenty years ago, have little other object in their songs than to give opportunities to the singer, for displaying his facility of vocalization; an object proved by the eternal *corona*, that "*lascia passare*" for musical extravagance, at the end, and often in the middle, of every phrase. In such music as this Rubini may occasionally set decorum at defiance, by his wonderful execution of impossibilities; but it is not

his style, and in so doing he does only what his composer intended to be done, and what every one else has done before him, although no one has done it so well. Now turn a moment to the operas written for Rubini, and an examination of the music will show, that with him, the interpolation of a flourish, (I use the word because every one understands it), is of the rarest possible occurrence. To this I have heard it objected, "Oh yes, there is no occasion for it; composers know his style, and write very florid music for him." But the fact is directly the reverse. Rubini was first noticed at Milan as a very distinguished singer, from his great facility in executing the difficulties of Rosini's music. Bellini's *Pirata*, the first opera of note written for Rubini was then composed, and consequently gives more room for the display of flexibility, than any opera, worthy of the name, since written for the same singer. And how much of Rubini's part of this opera is sacrificed to mere execution? one duet of no merit, and the winding up of the song "Ah non fia sempre odiata," in which occur some passages remarkable only for their difficulty. This may be too much flourish, but it is less than will be found in almost any part written for any other great singer. Italian composers, however, soon found out that Rubini possessed a quality much more worthy of cultivation than mere flexibility, an intense feeling, a heart-felt pathos, never known in any other singer. To give vent to this feeling has been the principal object of the music since written for him by Pacini, Bellini, Donizetti, or Mercadante, men who are lavish enough of their roulades to all the other singers who can execute them. Look at the music, I challenge the proof. What is given to flourish in *Anna Bolena*? the very short winding up of "Vivi tu," nothing else. In the *Sonnambula*, not one bar, unless we count the duettino in the first act, which is as often left out as sung. The same may be said of the *Puritani*, *Briganti*, &c. and the operas written for this singer by Pacini, which I have not named, as they have not left Italy, where they were composed. Many of these operas may be heard throughout, and the stranger shall have no cause to suspect that the singer gifted with the most extraordinary flexibility ever heard, can execute a common scale.

Let me hope that the real lovers of singing in London, will not lose this, probably the last, opportunity of doing honor to a singer who for delicacy, intense feeling, and facility of execution, has never been approached. Stello was written for Nozzari, but was excellently sung by Garcia, and Donzelli. Braham would have done it better than all three. Galli created *Maometto Secondo*, but who can sing "Sorgete," as *Tamburini* does? I have a becoming dread of the responsibility incurred by a prophecy; but I feel that with Rubini will die the parts which he has created.

THEATRICAL SUMMARY.

WE have a strong faith in the natural taste of the public, when anything healthy is put before it. Though every attempt has been made to bring its palate to either extreme, to the relish of high condiments, or to a predilection for a course of gruel and panadas, yet it has remained in a great degree unvitiated. The moment proper fare is placed on the dish, it falls to with renovated appetite. To turn to another simile, sith we are metaphorically inclined, however the multitude may for a time condescend to be "pleased with a rattle, tickled by a straw," they are ever ready to return from the childish to the manly. Their eyes and hearts are open to all the noble influences, and it is not their fault when the charmer charms not wisely. We are led to do the hydra-headed monster this justice by the reception given to the two beautiful dramas of *Serjeant Talfourd*; firstly, to *Ion*, and now to the successful tragedy of *The Athenian Captive*. Had these plays been submitted for judgment to the usual readers employed by the metropolitan theatres, or had any of our established playwrights been called in to assist the manager with their opinion—not being cognisant of the fact, we must premise, that they proceeded from the pen of the learned Serjeant, for this knowledge would have made all the difference to some two or three of them—we more than think, we feel certain, that they would have been rejected with some faint compliments to their poetic beauties, and the damning assurance that they were altogether undramatic and would not be tolerated on representation. Fortunately, to whom—

soever the merit of their production be ascribed, they are now part and parcel of our Acting Drama, and the Haymarket Theatre has the honour of having first given them to the stage. It has long been a crotchet of ours, that the drama of the ancients might be made a fine and ennobling source of enjoyment to us moderns, and we are duly thankful to the poet who has proved our fancies to have more substance than dreams are made of. We do not mean that the outward form of the Greek drama, (the Romans were merely copyists in this, as in every other branch of literature with the exception of Satire), with its ill-understood chorus and other peculiarities of mere circumstance, could be revived; but that its essence is no less powerful over the feelings, and appreciable by the judgment at the present moment, than at the time when it linked men with the gods. The pure and elevating faith of the Christian enables him to regard the actual working of things with the well-founded belief, that "whatsoever is, is best;" yet he envisages the future, as "through a glass, darkly," and the inscrutable of modern philosophy is, after all, the Destiny of the ancient world. Take away what is merely conventional, and the wildering mazes of thought, the myriad sensations springing from the oppressive sense of the unknown, the feelings which impel man onward though they hoodwink not his reason, all lie in the depths of human nature, and wait but the magician's wand to rise in shadowy might and rivet our gaze to the *speculum vitæ*. Where is the mighty difference betwixt the spell which o'ermasters an *Edipus*, and that which fascinates a *Macbeth*?

However, with the proof before us, we need not waste our ink in argument. The success of *The Athenian Captive* is another, and an equally satisfactory solution of the problem, Q. E. D.

The scene of the play lies in Corinth, which is besieged by the Athenians. *Thoas*, the leader of the latter, is taken prisoner by overpowering numbers, just as he had spared the life of *Hyllus*, son of the King of Corinth, whom his sword had stricken down in battle. *Creon*, the Corinthian monarch, whose reason totters on the verge of second childhoodness, angered by the thoughts of the danger his son has run, condemns *Thoas* to death, unless he choose to live a slave. But the Athenian warrior spurns at life purchased on such a condition, and is only persuaded to accept the terms by the injunction "Live," startlingly whispered in his ear by *Ismene*, *Creon's* wife, who has glided on the scene like a spectre. Subsequently, we see *Thoas* attending in servile garb at a banquet of the triumphant Corinthians. *Ismene* incites *Creon* to heap disgraces on him, and after the monarch has vainly ordered him to make sport—reminding us of *Samson* and the Philistines—he is bade to serve out wine to the assembled guests. Whilst so ministering, the toast is proposed of "Ruin to Athens;" on which *Thoas* dashes down the goblet he is about to hand, and bursts forth into a glowing eulogy of the "City of Olives." Chafed to senile rage by this freeman's act, the King dooms him to die the death, and he is hurried to a dungeon. Here he is sought by *Ismene*, and a dialogue ensues, in which the reasons of her strange conduct begin to be unfolded to the spectator. She is herself of Athens, born of the line of the heroic *Theseus*, and having years before been made captive in a sudden inroad of the Corinthians on Attic ground, had captivated the King with her beauty. But her heart has ever clung to her place of birth, and the rankling remembrance of a blow struck her by *Creon* on their first interview, when she had implored restoration to her home and infant child, is still deeply seated in her bosom.—

"Neculum etiam casus irarum seivique dolores
Excederant animo!"

Her aim, therefore, has been to madden *Thoas* by repeated insults from *Creon*, and thus instigate him to become the instrument of her deadly revenge. Circumstances mentioned by *Thoas* convince her that he is no other than her long mourned son, but she conceals this knowledge from him, and persuades him to accept the way she promises to open to him to freedom, hampered by one condition—a solemn vow to slay whoever opposes him in an apartment through which his course must be. He rashly gives the required pledge, and she speeds him on her errand. We must now state, that at the time *Creon* condemned the Athenian captive to death on account of his bearing at the banquet, he had likewise banished the youthful *Hyllus*, who had ventured to intercede for him. *Thoas* encounters the youth after he has escaped beyond the walls of Corinth, and, on narrating to him the circum-

stances of his escape, without, however, mentioning the murder he had committed, learns, to his dismay, that the king alone could have been the tenant of the dark and fatal chamber through which he had to pass. But he is roused from his paroxysms of remorse by a summons to lead on the Athenian troops against the hostile city. He enters Corinth as a conqueror, and is there triumphantly greeted by the rejoicing *Ismene*, who reveals to him the secret of his birth. But horror of the crime into which she has betrayed him is his prevalent emotion, and in her anger she threatens to denounce him; an ominous threat, since the oracle of Jupiter the Avenger has declared the city to be polluted by murder, and calls for the "accursed thing" to be cast out. The two nations assemble within the holy precincts; *Ismene* is summoned by the oracle to reveal the murderer; her mother's love prevailing she denounces the innocent *Hyllus*, when *Thoas* pays the debt of crime, falling, self-immolated, at *Ismene's* feet.

It will be seen from the above that this play has a more hurried action, and more progressive interest than its precursor, *Ion*. There is more of the humanity of our fallen state in it; but it is not less touching, though less ethereal. Mr. Macready's impersonation of *Thoas* is of masterly power. The poet has kept the actor's peculiarities steadily in view in his treatment of the character, without, however, sacrificing the truth of his conception to the mode in which it was to be illustrated. The paroxysms of remorse, and the outpouring of filial affection after the first recoil of horror, reminded us, in their degree, of the same artist's magnificent delineation of *Werner*. Mr. Talfourd has not been so fortunate in his heroine, for *Ismene* is the master creation of the play. Mrs. Warner looks this second *Medea* to the life, but her acting is commonplace; it has no distinctive traits, and is merely the common stage version of the rhodomontade *Elvira* in Sheridan's melodramatic translation of *Pizarro*. Had the author watched Mrs. Warner's style of acting as attentively as he has studied that of Mr. Macready, he would have discovered that it has the excellences of sculpture, but not the graces of painting. She can deliver a line and give it life by her manner, even as a sculptor arrests a thought and binds it fixed in marble for ever. A speech in which the changing motion and light and shade of the coloured pencil is required, is beyond her art. Nevertheless, she is the only actress now on the stage to whom such a part can be fitly and safely entrusted. The rest of the *dramatis personæ* are of little interest, and require no specific mention. Altogether the play is well acted, well dressed, and not only does credit to the establishment, but increases nightly in public favour. Each audience betters the other; and we conclude as we began, that shew gold and base metal to the public, its decision will soon stamp the sterling ingot with the legitimate impress.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.—We are very glad to have to record the success of the new opera here, for two reasons. Firstly, because it is the work of a clever countryman, a native of this our English soil; and secondly, because we hope it will bring "golden opinions" to the treasury of the theatre. Let it not be understood that we think this production, fantastically called *The Devil's Opera*, a first-rate work, or one betokening the advent of a rare genius; but it possesses qualities which give very fair promise, and is besides so compounded with the showy *materiel* of scenery, and the *diablerie* of the only real goblin on the stage, that we trust it will prove attractive "to the general." To recount the plot of the piece would be to go through the juggleries of a pantomime. It is intended, we are told, to satirise the mania, caught from mystic Germany, for the improbable and supernatural. But the satire is either very covert, or so transparent, as to cheat the eyes. The same doubtful character pervades the music of the opera. The composer seems to have hesitated as to whether he should incline to the *buffo* or the *serio* style, in his accompaniments to the pranks of *Il Diavolletto*. Hence arise want of unity, and defective keeping. The overture is decidedly the worst of the whole, being little, if at all superior to the general run of preludes to a Christmas or an Easter piece. Among the chief beauties, we may cite the *terzetto* "Good night! may slumber lend its balm," very sweetly sung, with the exception of some execrable *fioriture* at the close, by Miss Rainforth, Mrs. E. Seguin, and Miss Poole. A *barcarole*, very pleasingly introduced in the opening scene of the second act, is sweet and characteristic, seeming to chime with the plash of the distant oar; and the ballad "O blame me not that I have strayed,"

would be effective in the hands—or, strictly speaking—if coming from the voice of a better singer than Mr. Burnett. It being the fashion now-a-days to introduce *échantillons* of the church style, we have accordingly specimens of the same; grave and serious enough, but certainly not of a high and severe order. The composer, Mr. Macfarren, has evidently been led astray by the ambition, the ridiculous ambition of our singers, to undertake that to which they have no pretensions, and has accordingly wasted his time and labour on things called *scenas*, which would have been much more profitably bestowed in the creation of simple airs or melodies. He has run, too, into a besetting sin of our composers, the sacrificing the vocal to the instrumental part of the composition, and involving his airs in the orchestral accompaniments. Among the performers the most signal success has been achieved by little Miss Poole, as we suppose, she ever will be called; and of equal weight with the entire opera, singers music and all, are the evolutions, *sursauts*, and legerdmain of Wieland, for without him the *Devil's Opera* would want its chief character, stay, prop, and support.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

The last representation of *Falstaff* turned out to be what we had anticipated—a miserable failure. The number of boxes let on the occasion was smaller than on any previous Thursday night, not appropriated to the subscribers; and the pit was occupied by a motley assemblage, owing to the orders which were indiscriminately issued at the eleventh hour, to secure the appearance of a good house. A more disreputable audience we never witnessed, and we presume it was the intention of Laporte, who is a wag, to illustrate in front of the curtain, Falstaff's ragged regiment. There never was a more glaring instance of what may be achieved by highly gifted singers, than in this opera. Nothing but the pre-eminent talents of Lablache, Rubini, Tamburini, Gristi, and Albertazzi, could force down the string of unmeaning and inapplicable phrases with which Balfe has invested the ever glorious conceptions of the bard of Avon. We do not envy the construction of that mind, which could dare essay the task, and we do really pity the unfortunate individual who has thus exhibited his impotency, for the fall has been most inglorious.

After the opera, the ballet of the "*Diable Boiteux*," was got up with great slovenliness. It was infinitely better done at Drury Lane, where the strange and fanciful comicalities of our own Wieland, an extraordinary pantomimist, who has never been approached by any foreigner, rendered the affair very popular. The redeeming attraction now was Fanny Elsler, who gave her unequalled *Cachucha*, and with her sister the celebrated *pas de deux* incidental to the ballet. For combined grace, ease, and precision, the dance was not to be surpassed, and the spherical whirl of the inimitable Fanny across the stage on the points of the feet, brought down thunders of applause.

On Saturday, the "*Puritani*" was given for the last time, Her Majesty and the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge being present.

The season terminates on Saturday next.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—The circumstance mentioned by your correspondent respecting Miss Sterling's failure on the organ at Chelsea new church, is correct. Where the stool stands too high, and the organist is of short stature, he (or she) either must play on the manuals, without using the pedals, or must (in attempting to pedal) fall off the seat.

I have noticed that the seats to organs in general, are much too high; and that the candidates for an organist's situation, with the exception of the favoured candidate, are seldom allowed to try the organ previously to the trial day; so that, unless they are acquainted with the register of the instrument, and its touch, they are almost certain of being put out.

Mr. Joseph Goss has issued a circular throughout the parish of Chelsea, denying the right of the trustees to elect an organist without the consent of a majority of the rate payers.

I am informed that Mr. Forbes had gained the interest of two-thirds of the trustees previous to the day of trial; if so, the selection of the umpires was a *blind*, and the trial day a mere *farce*.

I am Sir, yours, &c.

Aug. 12th, 1838.

AN ORGANIST.

[Our correspondent has sent his name.]

MISCELLANEOUS.

SIR GEORGE SMART owed his seat at the organ on the Coronation solely to the zealous exertions of the Bishop of London. Lord Lansdowne the President, and all the other members of the Privy Council, are said to have advocated the claim of Mr. Turler, the organist of Westminster Abbey—a claim supported by every principle of reason and justice. The organist of the Abbey appears to have been first deprived of his seat to make room for some chapel organist at the coronation of George III., and since that event a struggle has been made to keep up the innovation.

METROPOLITAN LIBRARY OF MUSIC.—Mr. E. Taylor, the Gresham Professor of Music, has just circulated an address to the profession and the public on the expediency of forming a Classical Library of Music in the metropolis. "The want of a musical library," he remarks, "accessible to the public, has long been felt and acknowledged, although no steps have been taken to supply it. To the student in every other art or science various rich and valuable libraries are open: the musical student, alone, is without this advantage."

This is a strange and disgraceful state of things. Upon national collections of paintings and sculptures—upon coins, fossils, and minerals—upon books in every language—large sums are expended. Thousands of pounds are given for a picture, and thousands more for the buildings in which these various collections may be displayed. And why? Not for the paltry pride of mere possession, but for the laudable design of making possession useful, of opening to the young painter and the young sculptor the finest models of art. Why is the British Museum stored with books? Not that they may rest there untouched and unexamined, but that the student may find easy access to knowledge from which he must otherwise be debarred. And the same reason applies with equal force to the establishment of a musical library.

"To the musical student," Mr. Taylor justly observes, "as to the student in any other art or science, works of established and deserved reputation are not only interesting, but of primary importance, if not of indispensable necessity; yet, how rare and difficult are such of attainment: while the sum required for their purchase renders it often impossible for those to acquire who most especially need them. Half a life is often spent before even the scanty rudiments of a musical library are collected. How many valuable collections, within the remembrance even of the present generation, have been dispersed; how many interesting and valuable compositions irretrievably lost! The splendid libraries of Dr. Bever, Mr. Bartleman, Mr. Parker, Dr. Arnold, Mr. Greatorex, with many others, are all scattered; and those which are now in the progress of accumulation will probably soon share the same fate."

The reasons which have induced the Gresham Professor to recommend its connexion with the College to which he is attached, are thus stated—

"The fit place for such a library is an institution whose permanent existence is secured by a sufficient endowment, and to which a musical professorship is attached. These requisites are united in Gresham College, and (in the metropolis) there alone. This princely bequest of Sir Thomas Gresham to the citizens of London has existed two hundred and fifty years, maintained by the endowment which he bequeathed; and is now, I trust, destined to commence a fresh career of prosperity and renown. The patriotic object of its founder was general and unrestricted usefulness; and it is the only College in the kingdom which contains any provision for musical instruction. All these circumstances combine to render it the most appropriate place for the establishment of a musical library."

That such a library will contain matter interesting to the poet, the historian, and

the antiquarian—in short, to all who feel that the progress of art and literature in our own country is matter of interesting inquiry—is sufficiently apparent.

“Such a library would not be useful to the musician alone. The music of different ages and countries reflects and illustrates the habits of different periods and nations. The music of Shakspeare's contemporaries illustrates the manners and habits of his times: and so on through succeeding generations. The history of dramatic music, especially, illustrates the history of its age; and the want of a library where the compositions of successive periods might have been, from time to time, deposited and preserved, has rendered it difficult, if not impossible, to ascertain the composer, or even the date, of some of our most popular musical productions.”

In order to secure a proper and judicious application of whatever funds may be intrusted to him for this purpose, Mr. Taylor intends to avail himself of the advice and assistance of the organist of St. Paul's and the organist of Westminster Abbey; Mr. Hale, the Chairman of the City of London School Committee, having consented to act as Treasurer.—*Spectator*.

MR. HOBBS and MR. FRANCIS have retired from the choir of St. Paul's.

FRENCH ORGANISTS.—The organists in Paris appear unacquainted with the great school of organ composition, and quite unskilled in the management of the pedals. A young Englishman, who has recently visited that city, gives an amusing description of the surprise evinced by the French professors at his performance of the pedal fugues of Sebastian Bach.

THE GERMAN OPERA.—The arrangements for the establishment of this opera on a splendid scale are in active progress. The chorlists are to consist of eighty persons, the orchestra of a hundred. M. Spontini proposes to commence with the *Idomeneo*, to be followed by the operas of Don Juan, Figaro, of Mozart; Frey-schütz, Euryanthe, of Weber; Armida and Iphigenia, of Gluck; and the operas of the conductor.

THE Oratorio of *Samson* is in rehearsal by the members of the Sacred Harmonic Choral Society, and will shortly be produced. The noble Oratorio of *Solomon* will succeed the production of *Samson*.

DR. SCHILLING, the Editor of the Voluminous German Lexicon and History of the Art, now in progress of publication, has engaged a gentleman of great eminence in the profession to supply the memoirs of the English professors. Hitherto the Doctor has relied on the authenticity of “The Biographical Dictionary of Musicians.” An Appendix will be published to the Doctor's work, correcting such erroneous representations of English music and its professors, as have already appeared.

STRAUSS, we perceive by the papers, is to pay a rapid visit to the north, with his half-hundred myrmidons; crossing the channel in time to present himself at the coronation at Milan. When the splendours of the latter “celebrity” are fairly over,—for which Pasta is engaged,—Miss Kemble is to make her *début* at La Scala—an undertaking arduous enough, but less so than a first appearance at Paris would have been. If we are to trust a very graphic and interesting letter by Liszt, which appeared recently in one of the French periodicals, the glories of that palace of Italian opera have been in a decaying state ever since Malibran's successes made a guard of soldiers necessary to repress the tumultuous applause of the audience; and therefore any fresh and young artist, possessing talent and dramatic power, stands a fair chance of being considered as a direct and special blessing from St. Cecilia. At San Carlos, we hear that matters are still worse. There are accounts, however, of a new baritone, Barsini, who *would* come out; and, by his rare powers as a singer, converted pertinacious hisses (which had been stored up for him) into enthusiastic “*vivas*!” We should like much to hear of new composers as well as of new singers. Vaccai's ‘Marco Visconti’ is the only novelty universally spoken of; but it need hardly be added, that little hope ought to be now excited by Italian accounts of rapturous plaudits, &c., when such doleful and insipid works as ‘Parisina’ are permitted to push the best operas of Rossini from the stage.

HUMMEL.—Seydel is preparing a memoir of this composer from information furnished by the relations and friends of the deceased.

DR. ROGERS.—Anthony Wood says of this composer, who flourished in the time of Charles II., that "his compositions for instruments, for thirty years, were always first called for, and played as well in the public music schools as in private chambers; and Dr. Wilson, the greatest and most curious judge of music that ever was, usually wept when he heard them well performed, as being wrapt up in an ecstasy; or, if you will, melted down: while others smiled, or had their hands and eyes lifted up at the excellence of them."

THE celebrated LULLI, whose favour in France, during the last century, was equal to that of Handel in England during the present, may be said to have *beat himself to death* by intemperate passion in marking the measure to an ill-disciplined band; for, in regulating with his cane the time of a *Te Deum* which he had composed in honour of the recovery of his royal patron, Louis XIV., from a dangerous sickness, in 1686, he wounded his foot by accidentally striking on that instead of the floor, in so violent a manner, that, from the contusion occasioned by the blow, a mortification ensued, which cost him his life, at the age of fifty-four.

SONNET BY LADY L. S. D.

ADDRESSED TO MRS. H. R. BISHOP ON HER PERFORMANCE IN LORD BURGHESSE'S
OPERA OF "IL TORNEO."

Long hath thy silv'ry voice delighted all
In minster's sacred pile, or courtly hall;
May Fame with fresh-culled laurels deck thy brow
In the new scenes that wait thy presence now;
May Britain's stage, enchanting songstress, be
Another "field of glory" now for thee!
Bright gifts hast thou! beside the honey'd tone
Which makes each raptur'd listener's heart thine own.
Beauty's fair spell, and youth's all-potent charm,
Feeling and grace the coldest heart to warm.
Yet more hast thou!—a pure unblemished name!
What dearer heritage can woman claim?
May "prosperous suns" for ever o'er thee shine,
And may success e'er crown each act of thine!

C—— Hall, Wiltshire,
July 29th, 1838.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

P. O. P. does not deny the facts asserted by "A LOOKER ON;" and they are corroborated by another Gentleman, whose letter we insert in the present number.

MR. STUMPF'S Communication has been received.

A CORRESPONDENT suggests the propriety of Petitions to the Crown, and the Dean of the Chapels Royal on the subject of the Composer to the Chapel, and the present *sinicure* state of this office.

W. We believe the Gresham Lectures are given on the last three days of each term. Dr. Croft's Lectures are published.

WEEKLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

PIANOFORTE.			
Czerny. Fifty new exercises as duets.		Barnett, J. A. The Peasant's Bride,	
Op. 481. (4 books)	Ever	hallel	D'Almaine
— Six Instructive Rondeaux,		Stevenson, Sir John. "Tell me where	
Op. 505. (6 books)	Ditto	is fancy bred," duet, (new edition). Ditto	
— Fantasia on airs in Campanello, (duet)	Chappel	Auber, D. F. E. "Fondest affections	
Hunten. Three Rondos on "Le diable		still cling to home," ballad	D'Almaine
boiteux," (New Valse) "Hommage à	Ditto	Nelson, S. The Rover's Flag	Jefferys
la Reine de la Grande Bretagne," (solo		God save the Queen, (with an additional	Monro
or duet)	Cocks	verse)	
Czerny. Mozart's six grand Symphonies, (duets)	Ditto	HARP.	
Queen Victoria's new Quadrilles (12		Chatterton. Beauties of English Melody on "The Vicar of Bray,"	Chappel
books)	Ditto	GUITAR.	
Hers. New Couchoua	D'Almaine	Chappel's selection of popular Airs. Ditto	
Campbell, Calder. Third set of Inverness Quadrilles	Ditto	MILITARY BAND.	
The Young Pianist's Library	Ditto	Waltzes	Cocks
VOCAL.		MISCELLANEOUS.	
Warren, J. "Agnus Dei," from 3rd		Feraboschi. A new and complete instruction book for the three Trombones, with exercises	D'Almaine
Mass in A, soprano solo	Norello	— Instruction book for the Trumpet, with ditto	Ditto

[We should feel obliged if Publishers would forward us their Weekly Lists made out in the manner adopted by us in their Publication.]

STANDARD MUSICAL WORKS

PUBLISHED ONLY BY

R. COCKS AND CO.

ORGAN MUSIC.

BACH, J. S.—Forty-eight Preludes and Forty-eight Fugues, fingered for the English Student, with an Introduction and Preface, by C. Czerny, 12 11s. 6d.

N.B.—R. Cocks and Co. are now publishing a complete edition of all J. S. Bach's instrumental works, by C. Czerny, uniformly with the above splendid work.

Rinck's celebrated Organ School, by the late S. Wesley, six books, 7s. 6d. each; or in one volume, 12 16s.

Four New Grand Exercises, and Twenty-four New Grand Pieces, Op. 120, four books, 6s. each.

New Devotional Recreations, Op. 116, six books, 2s. 6d. each.

Twelve Grand Fugues Op. 48, 8s.

Twenty Grand Pieces, 3s., and a Choral with eight variations Op. 33, 10s. 6d.

In the Press, an Easy Instruction Book by Rinck, Op. 121, expressly composed for R. Cocks and Co.

Viner's Organist's Library, six numbers 2s. 6d. each, or in one volume 12s.

Wesley's Psalms and Hymns, 10s. 6d.

Wilson's Twelve Movements, 4s.

PIANOFORTE MUSIC.

Beethoven's Symphonies complete, arranged by Kalkbrenner, with a portrait of Beethoven, and a drawing of the house in which he was born. No. 1, 6s.; No. 2 to 8, 8s. 6d. each. No. 9 Choral Symphony, two books, 12s. each, or in one vol. cloth boards, 3l. 13s. 6d.

His Masterpieces, Six Grand Sonatas, edited by Czerny, six books, 4s. each.

Haydn's Seasons, by Czerny, complete, four books, 8s. each.

The Creation, Three Numbers, by ditto, 5s. each.

Mozart's Requiem, by ditto, 6s.

Czerny's Hommage à Beethoven, six books, 3s. each.

Fantasia on Six Irish Airs, 4s.

Ditto on Six Scotch Airs, 4s.

PIANO DUETS.

Mozart's Six Grand Symphonies, arranged by Czerny, 8s. 6d. each.

Czerny's Fantasia on Six Scotch Airs, 5s.

Ditto on Six Irish Airs, 5s.

Haydn's Seasons, complete in Four books, 10s. 6d. each.

Beethoven's Grand Septet, 10s. 6d.

Pastoral Symphony, 10s. 6d.

Symphony in C, 8s.

CHAMBER MUSIC.

Mozart's Six Grand Symphonies, arranged by Clementi for Piano, Flute, Violin, and Bass, four vols. boards, 2l. 2s., or in six books, 8s. 6d. each.

Reissiger's Eight Grand Trios for Piano, Viol. and Bass, 8s. 6d. each; or in three vols., 2l. 12s. 6d.

The same for Piano, Flute and Bass, same price.

N.B. The above works are published only by

MESSRS. R. COCKS AND CO.,

20, PRINCES STREET, MANOVER SQUARE, LONDON.—FULL CATALOGUES GRATIS.

Mayr's Last Air and Concertino, for Violin and Piano, 5s. each.

ditto, ditto, with Quartet or Orchestra Parts.

For's Forty-eight Trios for two Flutes and Piano, 2s. and 4s. each.

the same for Piano, Flute, and Bass, 2s. and 4s. each.

Hunter's Second Trio for Piano, Flute and Bass, 10s. 6d.

Nicholson's Fourteen Fantasias for Flute and Piano, 4s. and 5s. each.

Social Pieces for ditto, six books, 5s. each.

Berbiguer's Twelve Last Pieces for ditto, 5s. each.

Forde's L'Anima del Opera for ditto, fifteen numbers, 3s. each.

All Violin's Duets and Trios for Violin, and Pleyel's ditto.

MUSIC BY MR. STRAUSS.

As performed by his Band at Her Majesty's State Balls, at Almack's, and at his Grand Concerts.

For the Piano.

Le Bouquet, 5s.

His Beauties, twenty-four books, 2s. 6d. each, or in one vol., 2l. 8s.

Souvenir de Strauss, twenty-four books, 1s. and 2s. 6d. each, or in one vol., 12 16s.

Twelve Sets of his best Waltzes for Piano and Flute, 3s. each.

Twelve Sets of ditto, for Piano and Violin, 3s. each.

Thirty-six duets for one Flute, by Frisch, 4s.

Eighteen ditto, ditto, for two Flutes, 3s.

Eight ditto for the Piano, by Czerny, 2s. and 4s. each.

Twelve of the most elegant Sets, as Piano Duets, 4s. each.

ON THE THEORY OF MUSIC.

Albrechtsberger's Complete Theoretical Works, 2l. 9s.

Cherubini's New Work on Counterpoint and Fugue, 2l. 9s.

Fetis' Method of Harmony and Accompaniment, 12s.

The whole of Hamilton's celebrated Catechisms and Instruction Books.

Studies—by Czerny, Chaulieu, Kalkbrenner, Aguado, Rode, Baillet and Kreutzer, Drouet, Dressler, Reissner's Hamilton, Clarke, Sor, Clarke, Baillet, Levasseur and Catel, Forde, Berbiguer's, Mullers, Brod's, Frolich's, Pacini's, Carulli's, &c., &c., for all Instruments.

DANCE MUSIC FOR A BAND.

Queen Victoria's New Court Quadrilles, five books, 4s. and 6s. each.

Ditto for Piano, twelve books, 2s. each.

Strauss' New Values, Hommage à la Reine de la Grande Bretagne, Piano Solo, 4s.; ditto Duets, 5s.; Piano and Flute, 3s.; and for Piano and Violin.

LANZA'S ACADEMY FOR AMATEURS OF CHORAL SINGING.

Each Pupil will be charged the very moderate sum of *four guineas* for the entire series of fifty-two Lessons, one Lesson per week, which is sufficient to perfect a Choral Singer to sing at sight. One academy is to be established in the City and one at the West End, each of which will be opened as soon as the number forming a class is complete. Each class must consist of twenty-five first soprano, twenty-five second, twenty-five tenors, and twenty-five basses. Further particulars may be seen in the prospectus, which can be had at Signor LANZA's, 2, Seymour Street, Euston Square, and at the Principal Musicshops and circulating Libraries.

N.B. As academies can be established on the same principle by other professors, prospectuses will be sent to all the principal towns in the United Kingdom. The Prospectus will be given in our next number.

G. A. KOLLMANN'S NEW PATENT PIANOFORTES.

THE novel features which characterize Mr. G. Kollmann's **HORIZONTAL GRAND HORIZONTAL SQUARE, UPRIGHT GRAND, and UPRIGHT SEMIGRAND PIANOFORTES**, consist not merely in Improvements of One, or several of the various parts of which the Instrument is composed, while the Principles according to which it has hitherto been formed are retained, but in the application of superior Principles of such a nature, that these Pianofortes receive a new and improved construction in all their departments, obtaining by simple means the best results, namely in—
QUALITY AND QUANTITY OF TONE—STANDING IN TUNE—FACILITY OF TUNING—GOOD TOUCH—EXTERNAL FORM—AND GENERAL DURABILITY.

The new qualities of the Horizontal Grand Pianoforte, may be briefly described as follows:—

1. The Hammers and Mechanism are placed *Above the String*, so that the Hammers *Strike Down* on the Strings *Towards* the Bridge and Soundboard. It is by this mode of action alone, that tone of the *finest quality and greatest power* is produced. In the usual Grand Pianofortes the Mechanism is placed *Under* the Strings, and the Hammers strike them *Upwards, Away* from the Bridge and Soundboard.

2. The Stringing and Soundboard have qualities by which the *Quantity* of tone in the Instrument is increased.

3. The entire Plan of Tuning is New, and rendered a mathematical operation, regulated with *Ease and Certainty*, by means of Screw power. Hence the Pianoforte can be tuned with exactness and Facility. It stands firm in tune, and the strings can be renewed as often as may be desirable, without the mode of fixing them being lessened in security.

4. The Mechanism is *Simple*, and acts with the least possible friction and resistance. The results of this arrangement are: 1. A good and easy touch, enabling the performer to produce every variety of expression and execution with facility—2. Durability of the action's original state.

5. *New Features of Outline* of the Pianoforte, by which it is rendered more *Convenient and Elegant*.

The four Classes of Mr. Kollmann's new Pianofortes, possess the qualities of the Horizontal Grand, therefore, although varying in form and dimensions, they all have the Grand Pianoforte Tone.

The above Pianofortes are to be seen at No. 21, OLD BOND STREET; where Prospectuses may be had.

THE SINGING MASTER,

SECOND EDITION CORRECTED.

No. 1. **FIRST LESSONS IN SINGING**, and the **NOTATION OF MUSIC**. Nineteen Lessons in the Notation and Art of Reading Music, as adapted for the instruction of children, and especially for Class Teaching, with Sixteen Vocal Exercises, arranged as simple two part harmonies. Medium 8vo., 2s.

No. 2. **RIDIMENTS OF THE SCIENCE OF HARMONY**, or **THOROUGH BASS**, containing a general view of the Principles of Musical Composition, the nature of Chords and Discords, mode of applying them, and an Explanation of Musical Terms connected with this branch of the Science. Medium, 8vo., 1s. 6d.

No. 3. **FIRST CLASS TUNE BOOK**, a selection of 30 Simple and Pleasing Airs, arranged with suitable words, for young children. Medium, 8vo., 1s. 6d.

No. 4. **SECOND CLASS TUNE BOOK**, a selection of Vocal Music adapted for youth of different ages, and arranged (with suitable words) as two or three part harmonies. Medium 8vo., 2s. 6d.

No. 5. **THE HYMN TUNE BOOK**, a selection of Seventy of the most Popular Hymn and Psalm Tunes, arranged with the view of facilitating the progress of children learning to sing in parts. Medium 8vo., 2s. 6d.

. The above may be had, forming together 1 Vol., Medium 8vo., price 10s. 6d., cloth lettered.

Printed for Taylor and Walton, 28, Upper Gower Street; Sold also by J. A. Novello, Dean Street, Soho; and Simpkin, Marshall, and Co., Stationers' Court.

DONIZETTI'S NEW OPERA,

MARIA DE RUDENZ.

R. MILLS Begs to Inform the of the above named Opera, which has been performed at Leghorn and other places, with great success.

140, New Bond Street,
August 14th, 1838.

SIX CANZONETS, Composed by CHARLES SALAMAN, the Poetry by BYRON, SHELLEY, &c. Just Published by DALMAINE & Co., 20, Soho Square.

SEB. BACH'S GRAND MASS IN B MINOR.

The 2nd part of the *Full Score* of the above Work is now in course of Publication by SUBSCRIPTION. Price of the First Part, 12s; Second Part, 6s; Pianoforte Score, 12s; the Five Vocal Parts, 8s.

The Third, and last Part of the Full Score will be Published in December. Subscriptions will be received by

G. ANDRE, Importer of Foreign Music, 70, Berners Street, Oxford Street.

Catalogues of some Unpublished *original MSS.* of Mozart to be had Gratis.

Just Published,

GEMS OF GERMAN SONG

Book 3, containing nine Songs by Weber, Schubert, Spohr, Methfessel, and Hauptmann, Price 5s. *L'Elisir d'Amore* arranged for the Pianoforte Solo, 5s. "*Norma*" Pianoforte and Voice, 10s. 6s.

J. J. EWER & Co., Bow Church Yard.

Just Published.

ROYAL QUADRILLES FOR

PIANOFORTE, with Flute Accompaniments, ad lib., composed by T. Latour, price 4s. Also a brilliant Galopade, price 2s. 6d.; and a 2nd Galopade, price 2s., by the same popular author.

London: J. A. Novello, Music Seller, by special appointment, to the Queen.

LONDON:—Published for the Proprietors, by HENRY HOOPER, 13, Pall Mall East, & R. GROOMBRIDGE, Panzer Alley, Paternoster Row, every Thursday Afternoon, at Four o'clock, where Advertisements, Works for Review, and Communications for the Editor, will be received.—The Musical World may be had, by order, of all Book and Music Sellers.

Printed by WILLIAM WILCOCKSON, Rolls Buildings, Fetter Lane, London.